

A new SONG.

(Tune, *God save the King.*)

YE sons of Tyne rejoice,
And all with cheerful voice,
Great Blackett praise;
Who, for his country's good,
Faction's bold sons withstood,
Their boasted strength subdu'd,
Him let us praise,

Unto brave Ridley too,
Let us give honour due;
Who did unite,
Their malice to oppose;
And 'gainst his country's foes,
With noble ardour rose,
Vanquish't them quite.

Faction now hides her head,
Fallhood's dark clouds are fled,
All their arts fail'd;
Doctors attempt no more,
The fury to restore;
Vain are your efforts,—for
Truth has prevail'd.

Let us then joyful sing,
Long live great George our King,
Long may he reign;
And that the senate still,
Members like ours may fill
Who our just freedoms will
Firmly maintain.